

X

AN

ADDRESSES

TO THE

GENTLEMEN

Under the DENOMINATION of

OLD BACHELORS.

By MISS CASANDRA, *present*

AUTHOR of the Conduct of the Military Gentlemen.

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By M. A. S. A. N. D. R. A.

Author of the 'Cambridge' and 'Oxford'.

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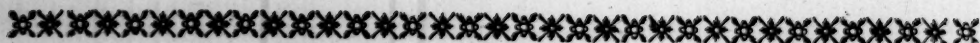
T H E  
P R E F A C E.

GENTLEMEN,

**W**E read in the History of the Bible, that when God made Man, the Supreme Being thought it not good for Man to be alone; he made him an Help-mate, which he called Woman, and God brought her unto *Adam*. I refer my Reader to *Milton*, who so beautifully describes the State of our first Parents, when in Paradise, the mutual Affections, the sweet Repose, the calm Retirement, the beloved Solitude; in short, to describe that State of Innocence fully, must be a *Milton's* Pen, a *Milton's* Head, a *Milton's* Understanding: None but the Sages can define the Subject, much less a Girl of an untutored Wit, who throws herself at the Mercy of the Public, and only presumes to lay her Performance at an Author's Shrine; herself unworthy of the Name. Pure Nature now shall flow without the Force of Eloquence, and its Mistakes shall loudly sue for Pardon, and trust, it will be granted by fair *Albion's* Youth. I trust they will be kind, and still indulge a Woman's Pen, though the weakest of her Sex. She hopes the Critic will not loudly speak, no loud Alarm against a defenceless Pen, but gently Veil the Errors of her, who, with Submission, subscribes her self,

*Yours,*

C A S A N D R A.



**G**O forth, my Child, the World explore,  
Till Fortune smiles return no more;  
Go, shew thyself, tho' newly born,  
Take heed, lest thou'rt in Pieces torn.

If in your Way you chance to meet  
The Connoisseur, you're not compleat,  
Be sure from him you run away,  
Nor then a Moment dare to stay.

Be gentle unto all you see,  
Remember what you've learnt of me,  
When the old Rakes you shall display,  
The Old Maids next shall lead the Way.





A N

## A D D R E S S, &c.

GENTLEMEN,

**I**T plainly appears from Scripture, Man was to take unto himself a Wife. Perhaps you will answer, We observe not the old World as our Pattern, but the new we copy after. Search antient History after the Flood, and then tell us if all the Inhabitants of the World took unto themselves Wives, and those that did, had Handmaids and Concubines. I do not deny the Truth of that, but it was in order to People the new World; for the Promise made to *Abraham* by God, could not have been accomplished by one Woman. But will not you run before me to the Seed of *Jesse*, and shew me that *David*, the Man after God's own Heart, and claim for your Pattern, *Solomon* the Great?

You say he was not only noble in Birth, and the reigning Monarch of *Israel*, but the wisest of Men, and who had more Wives and Concubines than *Solomon*? And if we have the Examples of the most religious of Kings, the Man stiled in Scripture, The Man after God's own Heart, and his Son, the wisest of Men, What Occasion have we to go farther? For we do not find their Lives displeased God, unless when *David* sent *Uriah* the *Hittite* into Battle, with Orders to *Joab*, his chief General, to place *Uriah* at the Front of the Battle, in order that he might take the beautiful *Bathsheba* to his Arms more closely, and here divine Providence shewed his Anger, by taking that Child to himself for that Wickedness.

Nay, all the antient Fathers you will call in order to prove your Assertion, and undoubtedly tell me, when the World was sufficiently peopled, it was the same. But give me Leave to acquaint you, we are not under the Law, but under the Gospel, which expressly forbids Men what was called, in the old Law, Handmaids and Concubines; and for this Purpose, that Solemnity Marriage was instituted, that one Man should

should have one Wife, and that the Wife should be true to her Husband, as she promised before God and the Church, that they shall take each other for Life.

But you, Gentlemen, that are called Bachelors, you that propose to live a single Life, alter the Design of the first Institution, you chuse a single Life. Will you give me your Reason, or must I suppose it? I will give my Opinion of your Choice. You Gentlemen, in High-Life, that are placed above the common Race of Mortals, by your affluent Fortune can drown yourselves in Debauch, you can court *Bacchus*, that Deity will assist you, and give Vigour to the Soul, as you, who call yourselves Choice Spirits, as I term the Phrase, a Piece of Gold you can offer to the rural Maid, who, before that Temptation, trod in Virtue's Paths.

You will not fail to set before her the Life of Lady *Townly*; but I answer, Not the Precepts of Lady *Grace*. Perhaps you are Lord of the Manor, bear a great Sway, the Girl falsely imagines the Man thus arrayed, nay, the fine Gentlemen cannot tell a Lie. She looks on his Heart as the Clothes that he wears, delicate, fine, and spotless. *Roger* or *Damon* of the Vale may deceive her, but this Gentleman cannot, he is a fine Gentleman, and sure he will not say one false Word for the World, and much less to a Country Girl; besides she has heard they are Men of Honour, and their Honour stands for their Oath, and the fine Gentleman will not break his Oath; and with this Delusion the innocent Maid, is brought up to *London* with him, or perhaps he has gave her Orders to follow him, and Money for her Journey. He promises her more fine Things. She comes to *London* in Character of Miss, is bedecked with gay Ornaments of little Worth. She is committed to the Care of some trusty old Woman, in order to secure her for the Gentleman, lest another should run away with her.

The Libertine must keep the Town Coquet also for his Amusement, as the Girl of rural Life, that has just quitted her rustick Gray, he will not find in her any Entertainment for his Mind, unless it be to laugh at her Simplicity; though, in a while, she will be more knowing, and learn to coquet with the Sisters of the Trade, and jilt the next she meets with, if not him. This is the Sum of the Life of a Gentleman Rake, that appears under the Denomination of an Old Bachelor.

Fine Sport, Gentlemen, is it not? Thus, as you call it, give a Loose to Love. Thus you ramble up and down the Earth in Pursuit of Pleasure, but never find her Paths. This Lady you turn off; that you discard, take worse in their Place, prove constant to none; nay,  
if

if your Fortune permit, keep a little Seraglio, and fancy yourself a little *Turk*, take your full Swing of all that *Venus* and *Bacchus* can afford you, till you take a Leap in the Dark, leave your remaining Estate to some distant Heir, which he enjoys by hereditary Right, fill the *Foundling-Hospital*, with prattling Infants, whose Physiognomy bespeaks they were not ignobly born. So much of the Father remains in them that the Innocent seems as though not made for servile Offices.

What do you think of yourselves, Gentlemen, take the Advice which I am about to give you, and I am sure married Gentlemen, and those that otherwise must appear in the World as Old Maids, or something worse, if that be possible, will approve of my Recommendation.

Do not mistake me, and think I rank all unmarried Gentlemen under the Denomination, I do not; but it is those that Year by Year have ascended the Hill, and are now descending the vast Precipice! Have they not had Time, in so many rolling Years, to chuse a Lady for Life? They have seen without Doubt the Follies of Life, they can trace its Gaieties, yet know not its real Pleasures. But they will answer, there is Pleasure in not being confined; likewise in Variety; But where is the Advantage, we shall most discover when we examine more closely into his Manner and Way of Life, which I shall endeavour to draw.

First, He rises in the Morning at what Hour his Disposition is suited to; if active, five or six; if a Sluggard, at nine, ten, or eleven: But perhaps a little earlier than the latest Hour, lest he should not hear the News of the Day: Perhaps he does not take the daily Papers, otherwise he would give Orders to his Domesticks to bring them to his Bed-side, though not to awake him for the World. I judge he does not sleep well; pained by his Vows of Marriage to this Girl, his Oath to the other, his Perfidy to all that Part of the Sex that he meets in his Way; perhaps Conscience reproving him of a Sin not much inferior to that of Murder; and indeed, in my Opinion, not less, though the Law doth not condemn him, his Heart does. Did he never advise the Lady of Character, with whom he contracted too great an Intimacy, lest that Part of Life that had before shone resplendent, should be now eclipsed? Did he not address himself to some trusty Gentleman of the Faculty, whom, without Doubt, he has had Occasion for in those frequent Campaigns of amorous War? Did he not, I say, procure from him some Medicine or Drug, in order to destroy the little Invisible?

I ask

I ask Pardon of the Gentlemen of the Faculty for this Abruptness, but the old Gentleman states the Case of this unfortunate young Lady in so affectionate a Light, that the other prescribes out of Pity to the Lady that has been betray'd by one, whose Years was more proper to have made him her Guardian.

Gentlemen, I refer to you, Do you think in the present Age there is no old Gentleman that will act thus? And are all our Youth of the Age excluded? Or have they fallen into the silent Tomb before your Memory and Time? Or were there no such since the Creation? Or has vain Imagination dictated to my Mind Things that never were? I leave my Readers to their Thoughts on the Subject, and proceed to the Manner in which those Gentlemen pass the remaining Day.

Herises, prepares for his Morning Dress, if in High-Life, perhaps a Morning Levee; if in a lower Class, he wings to the Coffee-House, peruses the Papers, brings so much News away as would fill a Bushel, were his Words wrote, and placed there. If the Merchant, or Man of Business, perhaps to the *Royal-Exchange*, where he hears more News, enquires whether Bank-Stock rises or falls, and if there will be a State-Lottery the next Year, and if answered in the Affirmative, big with Expectations of the Ten-thousand, or at least a Five-thousand, or something little inferior to it; he determines to have some Tickets, and doubts not of Success; for it is remarkable, an Old Batchelor, as they are stiled, is generally a Miser, and he saves for he knows not who.

I suppose him returned Home, in order for Dress; if a Gentleman of Appearance in Life, away to *St. Albans*, if the Court End of the Town; if a Cit, to the *Crown*, or the *King's-Arms*, where, after Dinner, he takes a chearful Glass, and after cracking Half a Dozen Bottles, as he calls it, and discoursing of the Ladies, away to the Coffee-House; he takes a Dish of Tea or Coffee, orders his Chariot, or sends the Waiter for a Hack; if in the Season, is drove to *Vaux-Hall*, or *Ranelagh*, and if not, to the *Opera*, or *Play*, or *Masquerade*, if there chances to be one; if the *Theatre* take place, he is there, and when seated in the Side, or Stage-Box, he takes out his Optic-Glass, and fixes his Eyes on the most agreeable Girl he sees, but observes not in Life equal to himself, does not fail to send her a Message, and perhaps meets, when the Play is over, conducts her home, professes to make another Visit, which he does not fail to do; the Lady is no less charmed; she is not Mistress of a Fortune, or perhaps but a small one. The Gentleman's Discourse runs on Honour, and the young Lady supposes he is come to his Dotage, and that she shall appear in Character

of Wife shortly, and perhaps honoured with a Title. Your Ladyship, sounds so pretty in the Ear of a young Lady, whose aspiring Mind raises her to that Pitch of Vanity, that she mistakingly risks her Honour by catching after Shadows. Nor do I condemn my own Sex in that Particular, so much as the Gentlemen, that Sort that are mean enough to use base Arts, in order to accomplish their bad Intentions, that do the best they can to conquer every Fair they please to attack.

A Man of a noble Soul will sound an Alarm, that shall reach *Asia*, *Africa*, and *America*, it shall not be confined in the Limits of *Europe*, but the known World shall hear of these mighty Conquests. If their amorous Language of Heart and Eye, those affecting Gestures, which all dessembling Art can invent is not sufficient, they will take another Method with a Person that shall assist them, and if by making Use of a certain Drug, they become mighty Conquerors; they will not fail to boast of it. Nor is this confined to any particular Sort, but seems, in this Age, a Part of Education, in order to compleat the fine Gentleman. Away with these accursed Arts, which render the Human Species more despicable than that of Savage Beasts. If with all your Education you are thus mistaken, imagine yourself a Child again, condescend to be taught, till you are instructed in better Manners, better Morals, and nobler Precepts; and when your darkened Understanding is enlightened, then reform your Companions, whose Morals you have tainted with your late Infection. Meet no more to spoil Conversation, but to improve it; let not the Houses of public Resort, where the Noble frequent, sound any more with contemptible Echo, of false, deceitful Loves; but chaunt softer Notes; learn not to be vicious, but to be virtuous; and in order to be the more so, divest yourselves of that disagreeable Character, an Old Bachelor, and wear the tender Name of Husband. Remain no longer forlorn; come no more to your House, inhabited with nothing nobler than the Domesticks you keep, to look at each other, and are called Attendants, but not in reality, unless it be at an elegant Dinner, where they rather seem in Confusion than of Service; fine Places for those idle Fellows; O that their Lord and Master would better employ them. Let me advise him to do it.

I do not exclude those that bear the most exalted Titles, them I aim at. Permit me to advise, you Gentlemen, better to employ your Domesticks. Is there no agreeable Lady amongst the noble Fair, that you can chuse for a Wife? Seek, and you will surely find; and then let your Retinue attend and honour you with their re-

B

splendent

splendent Appearance ; loll no longer in your Chariot alone, but grace it with a Lady.

Did you know the Pleasures of a Bridegroom, in my Opinion, you would not embrace the Character of a Bachelor, the Man who lives to no End. I would ask you, Which is most agreeable, when not in public Company ; alone in the Day, and alone in the Night ; alone in going abroad, and alone in returning home ; giving Room to busy, corroding Cares to be your Companions, or in Company, at the above-mentioned Times, with an agreeable Lady, that makes it the Business of her Life, to perform the Duty of an affectionate, kind, tender, and indulgent Wife, instead of black and gloomy Thoughts, which cannot fail to accompany you, for your Attachment to irregular Life ? In order to remove any thing so disagreeable, divest yourself of the Character of an Old Bachelor.

What pretty Amusement that of innocent Praters, that you dare to own in the Face of the Sun ; and when you are no more, they shall bear your Titles, and wear your Honours ? In the Child shall appear the Father, as blooming a-new ; and thus shall your Name be revered by your rising Generation.

Observe the Page, Gentlemen, and as perhaps you will not acquaint me with your Thoughts on my Subject, permit me to guess at them. Methinks I hear you say, I should like some of this Girl's Morals, but to be confined to that hard Name of Husband, I cannot like, and that for Life ! I should like to be a Bridegroom every two or three Months, but Husband ! and that for Life ! No, not with a Goddess. I will away to my Seraglio ; for every new Face carries a great Charm. I cannot confine the Passion, no, not for an Empire !

And it is plain these are his Resolutions, otherwise he would live no longer in Character of Bachelor ; he having Opportunity to alter his Condition when he pleases. But perhaps he will say, The Lady that he would make Choice of, does not approve of him, and therefore he loves no other ; and for that Reason he will not marry.

But give me Leave to ask him, Has that given him a Dislike to the whole Sex ? Does he as much dislike a Lady in Character of Mistress, as he does of Wife ? I dare him to answer in the Negative : therefore it is all chimerical. I deny the Gentleman under the before-mentioned Denomination to make any Apology, why he should live a single Life, which, in my Opinion, cannot be happy ; and if he thinks it so, it is for this Reason, that he has not experienced the Pleasures of a married State. Home, which is so pleasing to the Gentleman,

tleman, that has an agreeable Lady, and *des jeunes Enfants*, to amuse him in those Hours, which would otherwise seem tedious, but now pass away in the Enjoyments of mutual Love, and endearing Entertainments; having all Things accommodated in the most polite Manner, by the Order and good Oeconomy of a kind and indulgent Wife, he passes the Remainder of his Life in a Series of Softness and Pleasures: When he returns from public Company, and Evening approaches in order to conclude the busy Day; he then unburthens all his Care on the delightful Partner of his nuptial Bands. She takes Part in his Pleasures or his Pains,

When two Hearts in one unite,  
There's the Source of much Delight,  
As a Spring their Raptures flow,  
One Joy comes as others go.

The single Gentleman hath nothing pleasing in his Home, he does not return there till a late, or early Hour of the Morning or Night. He no sooner rises, but he is gone abroad to search for Happiness; perhaps returns to dress, in order for Dinner, unless he goes on his Rambles, as he calls it, and then his Servants wait in vain the tedious Night for the Return of their Lord or Master: When the next Day, or perhaps the Day after, fatigued with the Pleasures of Wine and Venus, in a dirty Dishabille, he is wheeled home, with empty Pockets, and afflicted Conscience, upbraiding himself for his Folly, with Exclamations and Oaths against all our Sex, when he has met perhaps with the gay Sort, that rob him of his Fortune, his Health, and his Manners.

Gentlemen, Is not this a delightful Life, think you, and the Way to be sent home many Years sooner than otherwise you would have been. This is the of Character the gay Man, the town Rake, or our modern fine Gentlemen; this is his merry Life; this is he that cannot be confined to a Lady, nor wear the Name of Husband; it does not sit him; it sits not easy in his Imagination; but O, the Libertine suits him much better; he can range where he pleases, without making any Excuse, as he has no one to give an Account to.

Thus

Thus through the Maze of Life he wildly flies,

In hopes of Pleasures which he ne'er enjoys,

No sooner touches he th' enchanting String,

But lighter than the Air the News they bring.

Ask, whither is it, say they, would you fly,

Your roving Passions now to gratify?

To us, to us, with winged Speed you run,

And by pursuing us you are undone.

Another Way begin, what here you find,

Is but a Dazz'ler to amuse the Mind,

To yonder Goddess, therefore make your Court,

Wisdom her Name, by her henceforth be taught.

She'll show you Pleasures, which are not profane,

Pleasures that leave no Pang, nor guilty Stain ;

Those that are nobly taught in Wisdom's Schools,

Hate base, mean Actions, leave that Sport for Fools.

Permit me, Gentlemen, to leave you to your Thoughts on this Subject; mean while I shall introduce a Letter of Condolence to the Ladies, in Character of OLD MAIDS.

F I N I S.



